

Advertising

All night they have been touching meat,
thrusting trolleys stuffed with cheek,
shoulder, ear and leg, and now the day's
come back to life they're closing
Smithfield market; sewing up the partly
butchered, washing off the blood.

I watch them from my office vantage
as they strip their overalls. I button up
my collar for handshake after handshake,
to present our creative for clients to dissect.

The past is lowered like a theatre set.
Axes swing for human heads, the gallows
start their jig, men sell their unwanted wives,
and horseshit is piled high beside meat labelled fresh.

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